

Jade Cicada

by Anne Elezabeth Pluto

Jade in the emperor's death
mouth — to the grave — all openings
closed — no breath — no air — no life
to enter to leave — the end should
be silent — you stop my mouth
with yours — tongue, teeth, lips
and I call from within, rising
to your touch — and falling
beneath your weight to balance
sense and desire, to measure
life and place myself — a jade
cicada — last of the accoutrements
for the mouth of the Han
Emperor — where his blood stained
the carvings — the last parts of his
life — where he was human and
not god - place yourself in me
my blood comes for you.

